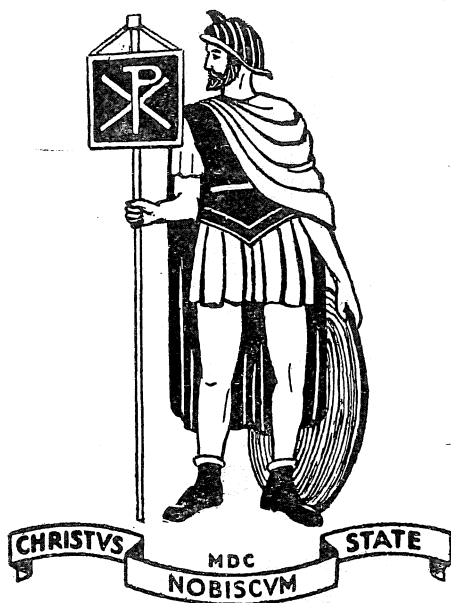


The  
Alcester Grammar



School Record

March, 1947.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 86.

MARCH, 1947.

## COMMITTEE—

SONIA SHORE, CYNTHIA BARTLETT, JOSEPHINE FINDON, EADIE i., GRAY i.,  
PRESTIDGE, WAINWRIGHT, STEVEN i.

## EDITORIAL.

The present number of the RECORD is being prepared under unprecedented difficulties. The severe wintry weather of early February caused attendance at school to be very small, and it was quite impossible to obtain anything approaching the normal crop of contributions. Then, just as we had decided to publish a magazine of reduced size, there came the fuel crisis, bringing with it the ban on the publication of periodicals, and we were in doubt as to whether a magazine could be brought out at all this term. Now we learn that the ban is being removed at an early date, and we are attempting to put the magazine on sale at the usual time. We feel sure that readers will appreciate our difficulties and will overlook any shortcomings in this issue.

## THE SCHOOL REGISTER.

### Valete.

|                                    |                                       |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| *Baseley, B. F. (VI), 1941-46.     | Welch, R. C. (Upp. VB), 1941-46.      |
| *Harris, D. A. (VI), 1938-46.      | Warren, A. (Low. Va), 1943-46.        |
| *Moizer, J. D. (VI), 1939-46.      | Cresswell, J. A. (Low. Vb), 1942-46.  |
| *Powey, E. J. (VI), 1941-46.       | Foster, D. M. (Low. Vb), 1942-46.     |
| *Prosser, J. A. (VI), 1941-46.     | Smith, D. F. (Low. Vb), 1943-46.      |
| *Summerhill, S. L. (VI), 1942-46.  | Styler, H. T. (Low. Vb), 1941-46.     |
| Malin, H. M. (Upp. Va), 1940-46.   | Slaughter, A. E. (Upp. IVa), 1943-46. |
| Peck, F. E. (Upp. Va), 1946.       | Aston, Z. F. (Upp. IVc), 1944-46.     |
| Ainge, O. M. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46.   | Connell, S. R. (IIIb), 1946.          |
| Baylis, G. A. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46.  | Carlyle, E. J. (Rem.), 1941-46.       |
| Nunn, J. E. H. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46. |                                       |

\* Prefect.

### Salvete.

Badger, J. W. G. (Low. IVa). Redfern, J. (Low. IVb).  
There have been 320 pupils in attendance this term.

## OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD.

*Hon. Secretary :* *President :* *Hon. Treasurer :*  
P. E. WHEELER. STUART WRIGHT. E. A. FINNEMORE, J.P.

Greetings and best wishes to all Old Scholars.

The Winter Re-union was held at the School on Saturday, the 21st December last, and proved a great success both socially and financially. The Hall had been tastefully decorated; the class rooms along the corridor were cleared and the hanging of streamers, holly and mistletoe was in harmony with both the occasion and the festive spirit.

The Re-union commenced at 7-30 p.m. and dancing to the music of "The Georgians," together with darts, table-tennis and the usual "side-shows," was enjoyed until the supper interval. It was then estimated that about 90 old Scholars were present.

The Business Meeting took place after supper at which all the outstanding matters from the inaugural meeting held in August, were disposed of and a President was elected. The Meeting took a little longer than was perhaps desirable, but the Guild can now be safely regarded as well and truly revived.

The entertainment of the evening then continued fast and furious, being interrupted only for various raffles and auctions by means of which financial wizardry, the Committee raised a goodly sum of money and into the spirit of which the gathering entered wholeheartedly and generously.

Those old Scholars who did not dance found refuge in the lounge, and there experiences were exchanged which leaves not the slightest doubt but that for the activities of certain members of the Guild we should all be suffering under the heel of the Nazis !!! It was from this room that much of the friendliness and good spirit of the re-union seemed to emanate ; age and youth found much in common and everyone seemed to want to be friends with everyone else. The re-union was representative of all old scholars for our oldest members were there, as always in the past, and with them mingled the youngest of old Scholars, many of whom were in uniform.

The time to end, however, came all too soon and once again, at well past midnight, the sacred precincts of the School echoed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and so the Re-union for 1947 faded slowly into the past.

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Many old Scholars will recall that the Guild, in pre-War days, held an annual Dance on New Year's Eve, at the Town Hall, Alcester. This year, the event was held on the 12th February, and, as if to illustrate the maxim "better late than never," was quite a success and was well attended by Old Scholars.

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Old Scholars will observe that the dates of the sports fixtures with the School are set out below. If you would like a game, then send along your name to any member of the Committee, and this particularly applies to any Old Scholars who may be on leave from the Forces at the time the game is played. At the time of writing, the very bad weather has prevented the Guild from playing football against the School. Our team, however, is prepared and straining at the leash and determined to avenge previous heavy defeats at the hands of the School team.

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS :

Wednesday, 4th June,  
(At 6.0 p.m.)

## OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS.

R. G. Webb writes that, as the release officer in a large naval base in Scotland, he recently had the honour of demobilising himself. He is now living in London.

Dorothy Charques (*nee* Taylor) has just had published her novel, "Between the Twilights," the third of a trilogy, of which the others were "Time's Harvest" and "The Returning Heart."

D. H. Morlimer, when we last received news of him in November, was on his way to Japan.

W. S. Higgs is now in the Navy.

Miss Evans wishes to remind Old Scholars who are intending to send in Arts and Crafts work for display on Sports Day that all entries should reach her by **May 1st**. Each exhibit should be labelled carefully with the Old Scholar's name and address.

**BIRTHS.**

On September 18th to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hunt—a daughter.

On December 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Baylis (*nee* Mary Clark)—a son.

On January 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Oliver (*nee* Phyllis Carratt)—a daughter.

On January 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Warner—a son.

On January 5th, to the Rev. and Mrs. D. S. Bailey—a son.

On January 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Styler—a son.

On January 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Baylis (*nee* Eileen Lewis)—a daughter.

On February 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. K. Spence (*nee* Joyce Blakeman)—a daughter.

On February 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brown (*nee* Connie Dowdeswell)—a son.

**MARRIAGES.**

On September 22nd, 1945, at Stratford-on-Avon, John H. Welch to Myra R. Winwood (scholar 1937-40).

On April 22nd, at Studley, A. C. Hall to Mary Williams (scholar 1932-40).

On July 25th, at Welshpool, James Arthur O'Neal (scholar 1934-36), to Joyce Jacques.

On August 17th, at Redditch, Francis John Huxley (scholar 1931-38), to Muriel Wilkinson.

On November 9th, at Straford-on-Avon, Douglas J. Steele to Florence Hawkes (scholar 1937-39).

On December 28th at Alcester, Douglas Edward Oldham to Edna Ison (scholar 1921-30).

On January 4th, at Dunnington, John Henry Robbins to Gertrude Mary Valender (scholar 1930-33).

On January 27th, at Bidford-on-Avon, John Albert Harrison to Betty Miriam Slaughter (scholar 1934-39).

## ON CHOOSING A CAREER.

*This is the first of a series of articles to be contributed by Old Scholars. The idea is to give an outline of what faces a boy or girl upon taking up one of the professional careers. The first article is on " Law as a Career," the next will be on " Banking " and so on.*

### A LEGAL CAREER.

I can do no more than allow you to peep over the shoulder of Mr. Parchment, a Solicitor, as he writes to his nephew, Richard Workhard, on the above topic . . . .

My Dear Nephew,

Thank you for your letter.

I observe that you are rather attracted by a legal career and that you would like me to give you some idea of the training, examinations, and other details to enable you to qualify ultimately as a Solicitor.

At the outset I must warn you that to be a " leading light " in your School Debating Society does not in itself indicate that you will become a good lawyer !! And you must not choose the Law because you have tried everything else. The legal profession is already overcrowded ; the training is very expensive ; the examinations stiff and the rewards, financially, at any rate, not at all in proportion. You still wish to go on . . . . ?

Yes, I quite realise that your training will be broken into when you reach the age for National Service and I shall deal with this point later on. First, I am going to tell you what has to be done normally to qualify as a Solicitor, and then I shall explain how provision has been made for your National Service in the light of the normal regulations.

I suggest that you first get in touch with a firm of Solicitors in the neighbourhood of your home and try to obtain a position as a junior clerk for the first twelve months. During this period you will get the " feel " of a legal office and at the end of your probationary period you will more easily be able to say whether the law is for you or not. In this connection, you must remember that you will only be paid for what you can do, and here a knowledge of shorthand and type-writing will always obtain a living wage for you during your initial training ; but the financial angle may or may not be an important one and depends upon individual circumstances.

I am pleased to see that you have the School Certificate with good credits in Latin, History and English ; the first-named subject being most important since our law is derived in many ways from Roman Law. At the end of your " stamp-licking " period, normally, you would discuss the question of entering into Articles with your Principal. The term

"Articles" is really the formal name for a legal apprenticeship. The length of this apprenticeship depends again upon individual circumstances—in your case, since you are leaving School with the School Certificate only, the term will be for five years. In the case of a graduate of one of the universities the term is cut down to three years and likewise in the case of a person who has been employed for ten years in a legal office. You may decide to stay and take the Higher School Certificate and in the event of your obtaining it, the term of Articles would be only for four years.

Upon entering into Articles, a premium has to be paid to your Principal. The amount of such premium depends upon the type of Solicitors' Office into which you enter and its situation, *e.g.* city or country. The sum asked may be as much as £500, but usually lies between £150 and £250. The Deed of Articles has to be impressed with a stamp of £80. You will see, therefore, that the outlay is rather heavy and realise why it is so important to be absolutely sure of yourself before you enter into the Articles, and the importance of that probationary period of one year to which I have referred.

The examinations prescribed by the Law Society are as follows :—

(1). *The Preliminary.*

This examination has to be taken before Articles can be signed, but the School Certificate, or its equivalent, with credits in Latin and History essential, will exempt its holder from the examination.

(2). *The Intermediate.*

This examination has two parts—a legal part and a part devoted to Trust Accounts and Book-keeping. A University graduate is exempt from the legal portion and so is the man who has done ten years as a Solicitor's Clerk.

(3). *The Final.*

Before this examination can be taken, a law student must attend for one year at an approved Law School, *e.g.* Birmingham University provides Lectures on two half days a week which cover this regulation.

The subjects covered by the examinations are obviously legal ones, and this is not the place to discuss them. The Intermediate is normally taken after eighteen months under Articles, and the Final either just before or after the end of them. The usual method of study is to combine both theory and practice. The theory is found in the various legal text-books and is very well covered by taking a Correspondence Course with a reputable firm of Law Tutors. The practical side of your training is to be found in the Office of your Principal. You will have access to all his papers, his library,

and may be present when he interviews clients, and you will be encouraged to enter wholeheartedly into the work of the Office. Your work will be carefully checked, errors pointed out and you will be encouraged to ask questions—you must take full advantage of this training, since, quite apart from its great value, it is for these very privileges you paid your premium.

I suppose you would like me to give you some idea of what work you will first see and, as time goes on, be allowed to do. No one, who has not worked in a legal Office, can describe or attempt to appreciate the diversity of matters which enter it. There is everything—the dull, but to some attractive, work of examining title deeds to property ; the work of Divorce cases brings one into contact with the more tragic side of life ; criminal matters also quite often come into the Office, although I am glad to say that those usually featured in the more popular of Sunday newspapers are not too frequent ; there is the very intricate work to do with the promotion of Companies and the estates of deceased persons, and so on.

You will appreciate that the path is not an easy one. The day's work commences at 9 in the morning, but midnight has come and gone before you can safely say that it has ended. At times, despair grips one as a particular branch of the law eludes and baffles ; or when you have spent quite a considerable time on a draft of a particular document and present it for perusal with pride, only to have it returned in a state of correction which would make your Latin exercises at School seem immaculate !! However, it is all good fun and the time soon comes for you to emerge as a fully qualified man ready to do battle on your own.

I must now return to the subject of your National Service. Since you are to enter H.M. Forces at the age of 18, you would not be able to attend a University and get a degree before you were called up. Hence, it seems that you are faced with two alternatives. Either you may stay at School, take your Higher School Certificate and win a scholarship to a University and enter the Forces direct from School and become articled after you have your degree and enjoy the privileges accorded to a graduate. Alternatively, you can leave School with a School Certificate and enter a legal office. In the latter event, the Law Society is making special provision and is to issue Regulations at a later date. It seems, that if a law student attends an approved course of legal study before he enters the Forces, on being demobilised and entering articles the duration of the latter will be reduced. The Law Society has been most generous in its treatment of law students who had their careers interrupted by the War and there is no reason to suppose that future members of H.M. Forces will be any less generously treated. The legal profession awaits the issue of these Regulations with interest and anxiety.



I quite realise that many otherwise keen legal chaps are turned away by the very heavy expenses entailed in entering Articles. The solution is to "commercialise" yourself—learn shorthand and typing, enter a legal Office with the School Certificate, study in your spare time, and at the end of ten years' service as a Solicitor's Clerk you may enter Articles with the privileges I have already mentioned, viz., the term is cut down to three years, and exemption is given both from the legal portion of the Intermediate and attendance at an approved Law School. What is more important, however, you should by the end of ten years have become very useful to your employer and he may well give you your Articles and that means you have only the £80 stamp duty to find. The fact that you will be about 28 when you qualify is really an advantage as far as experience is concerned, and the older you look the better, since clients do not view with confidence the giving of advice by a very young man.

What about the rewards financially that the profession offers? You can enter into private practice on your own, although without capital this is rather risky; or you may take a position in a firm of Solicitors as an assistant with a view to perhaps becoming a partner in due course. Your salary would depend on your experience and capabilities, but a good man would get about £400 a year. Local Government offers good opportunities where the salaries are much higher but the atmosphere perhaps less congenial. An assistant Solicitor to a Local Authority would get about £400 a year to start and rise to £600; while the Clerk to a County Council (who is always a Solicitor), would receive something in the region of £2,500 a year. There are also many positions offered by Insurance Companies, Building Societies and big firms in their legal departments and here again the salary would not be less than £500 a year.

In conclusion, if you still contemplate a legal career and would like any further help or advice, I shall be only too delighted to assist you.

Your affectionate uncle,

EBENEZER PARCHMENT.

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*The following poem, written many years ago, refers to an incident in the early history of A.G.S. It has been handed to us by an early Old Scholar, and we think that it will prove of interest to a number of our readers.—Ed.*

**ODE TO H—M.**

Old H—y went to play football on the green,  
And coats and caps for goal posts served, while H—y stood between ;  
For though he oft played forward and occasionally back  
He thought he had for keeping goal an extra special knack.

Of course H—y was the captain of his side,  
And that he was a captain bold no one could have denied.  
But yet he was the smallest boy, much less than K—y B—n.  
And Tom G—g or Reggie P—e or even C—s one.  
To see him using hands and feet, and then his head perchance  
Showed plainly that his nimble foes were leading him a dance.  
They came like wolves upon the fold, and dodged and kicked and ran,  
And oft forgot to play the ball and tried to play the man.

Though K—y, B—n and Tom G—g and even a bigger lad,  
Used manfully the large-sized boots with which their feet were clad,  
Yet presently the wily foe—O, sad it is to tell—  
Bore down like fifty dreadnoughts on poor H—y's citadel.

The ball came hurtling through the air, yet H—y clutched it tight,  
And lifted up his good right foot to kick with all his might.  
But, as he paused upon one leg—Alas ! t'was not his fault—  
Three foemen charged and H—y turned a double somersault.

Some say he lighted on his head and some say on his nose,  
And which of these is just the truth I leave you to suppose ;  
Or, lest you think to state the facts I am a trifle loth,  
I'll frankly say that I believe he lighted on them both.

They picked poor H—y up and on a hurdle from the fold,  
They bore him home in state, just like a warrior of old.  
His head got quickly well again, for it was thick and hard,  
But H—y's red and pulpy nose is still rubbed down with lard.

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**"THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS GONE."**

It has come to my ears that the cry of the ultra-modern girl is 'equality with men.' They want to do things men do, they wear trousers, shingle their hair, drink, gamble and play FOOTBALL.

I do not wish to create the impression that women ought to be sweet, yielding creatures who sit on stools sewing, expressing no opinions, while the master of the house pours forth his views on the world in general. That is not so. Women should express their opinions, and, if necessary, oppose the pompous male who thinks he knows everything.

I object to women wearing trousers and shirts, to their having their hair cut like a man, but it is equally ridiculous for them to have it in ringlets down their backs. The modern woman's tendency to drink and gamble is another thing to which I object. They go to public houses, play darts and drink beer, waste their money on racing and football pools, and altogether make complete fools of themselves. I was shocked and horrified to read about women playing football. How can they do such things ? Women cannot play it like men, and they do look so disgusting in tight shorts and shirts, it is utterly degrading. Women were born to be women, not bad imitations of men.

Women do all these things and then expect men to behave in a chivalrous manner, that is to raise their hats, and to give up their seats in over crowded trains and 'buses. Men object to women behaving like Amazons any way. However, not all girls are as bad as that. There are some who expect chivalry from men. By chivalry I don't mean men riding round on horseback wearing tin suits, rescuing maidens from ogres ; I mean courtesy from a man to any woman whether she is known or unknown to him. I expect boys of my acquaintance to raise their caps and speak to me,—though they do not. There is a boy who lives quite near to me, who never dreams of raising his cap. If I speak, all I get in return is, at the most, either a grimace or a grunt. When women address him he just lounges about, his hands in his pockets, looking either at something behind the speaker or at his boots. But he is a thoroughly objectionable boy.

Something else, which makes me seethe with anger, is to see a mother paying full fare for her dear son so that he need not give up his seat in a 'bus. If a woman with a baby had to stand, he would not give his seat to her, and consequently would be of the type who went to the top of a double-decker 'bus so that he should not have to stand.

My opinion of mankind, I fear, is a very low one. The age of chivalry has gone ; but it might be coaxed back again if women once more behaved like women and men behaved like gentlemen. Probably the war had the most to do with the banishing of chivalry from society, but the war has gone now. It is our job to bring chivalry and courtesy back into our everyday lives.

DOROTHY ROSE (Upper Va.).

### FIRE AT SEA.

The " William Jones," her funnel set right aft, and belching filthy black smoke, nosed her way through the placid South Atlantic, the sun beating down on her decks, which were almost too hot to be pleasant.. Three days ago she had set out from Curacao, bound for Liverpool : three days of cloudless skies and merciless sunshine. Under her decks were thousands of gallons of rich oil, a truly dangerous cargo. The day ? - - - 3rd of July, 1938.

Shortly after six bells (three o'clock), the second mate went down to the officers' quarters, after coming from the watch, and was startled by the pungent smell of burning. Opening a bulkhead door he was blinded by dense grey-black smoke. Slamming the door, he ran to the bridge.

Captain Evans, a quiet unexcitable Welshman, ordered the crew calmly and firmly to their fire-stations, he himself standing by on the bridge, and, as the fire was a large one, ordering the wireless operator to send out an S.O.S.

By this time the crew's and officers' quarters were a raging inferno and the engine room was in imminent danger. Two hours gone—still no help—nearest ship three hundred miles away. These facts confronted Captain Evans as the crew were driven back inch by inch; the engine room was now ablaze. The heat of the fire was twisting the deck-plating in such a way that it would not be long before the fire broke into the tanks aft. It was a losing fight and reluctantly the Captain gave the order "Abandon Ship."

In an orderly manner, ten men at a time went to their boat stations, leaving the Captain and a handful of men to salvage the ship's papers. Four men lay dead in the engine room, amongst the debris and scalding steam of this their funeral pyre.

A few minutes later a terrific explosion rent the air ----. The end of the "William Jones." As the hot air smote the faces of the men in the boats, a far-away look came into the Captain's eye, and all were strangely quiet.

A. J. DALRYMPLE (Lower Va.).

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### WE SEE THE KING.

There we were, members of the R.A.O.C. taking our Clerk's course in Portsmouth Barracks, and looking forward to a quiet week. Then one morning the C.O. called a Company muster. We all wondered what was wrong, but he only put us through some arms drill. Finally he selected three squads, myself in one, and told us that we were to represent the R.A.O.C. in the King's Guard of Honour for the Royal Embarkation. We realised that it was a great honour, and suffered our leave that was due to be deferred.

The day eventually came, the 30th of January. We knew just what to do, and how cold it would be, for we had rehearsed everything. Time soon passed, however, while we waited in position, and we had the gleaming "Vanguard" to admire. We had grumbled enough over our buttons, but the Navy had certainly polished more than we did. Finally, the Royal Train drew in, and the Royal procession drove through madly cheering crowds to the final Navy guard.

Actually, we missed the sailing of the "Vanguard" as we moved that evening. At least, however, we had shared in an unusual honour for common privates.

G. J. HILLMAN.

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**MY OWN ROOM.**

How often at dusk when light fades away,  
I would spend a few hours on my own,  
I would mount to my room, where none dare intrude,  
And remain there a while—alone.

My room's neither large, nor elegantly planned,  
But it's air is peaceful, serene ;  
And the dancing glow of the flickering flames,  
Darts fitfully over the scene.

The half-lighted room, and the wandering shades,  
Breathe an air of gentle repose ;  
A hovering, brooding, spirit inspires  
Relief from the world and its woes.

After evenings spent in this pleasant retreat,  
I'd return to the world with more zest ;  
But such leisure's a dream, as yet a vain hope,  
Worldly cares permit not idle rest.

And yet such a dream is not useless by far,  
Even in these material days ;  
For unless we desist from our hurrying life,  
We'll remain material always.

Great men of the past embraced solitude,  
To strengthen their fiery zeal.  
In our whirlwind life, such peace is a balm  
Which our restless minds fail to feel.

E. G. GRAY (VI).

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**AN OXFORD EXAMINATION.**

Periodically some member of the Sixth Form wanders off to one of the University cities for a few days. Most of the school seems to imagine that we go for a holiday, and that the sight of Magdalen Tower will inspire any candidate to lengths of eloquence in the examination of which outside he would not even dream. Gray and myself went to Oxford early this year, and I can assure anyone that when our beloved climate puts an oar in, things are the reverse. This, therefore, is not an orthodox talk about an orthodox visit. It is useless to grumble about rationing, but that and the weather did their best to make Oxford far less magnificent than when in sunshine and plenty.

We were going by train from Evesham, but owing to heavy snow I despaired that Monday morning of ever reaching the starting point. Finally I met my friend upon the station platform. We had agreed to leave train times until we met, and after half-an-hour's wait, we were off. It snowed most of the way, and in Oxford the pavements were just getting really slippery. Despite the danger to our necks, we hurried straight to our Colleges ; it was far too cold to hang about sightseeing.

The chief item each day during these examinations is dinner, but that evening I missed mine as the usually reliable porter gave me the wrong time. It was bad enough to retire dinnerless, but the worst ordeal was yet to come. Gray's College was about a mile from the one I was at, where the examination was to be held. He came down the next morning and we went to the College Hall. This was really very imposing, mainly through its size, in which the intricacies of decoration were lost.

The only heating appliance, however, was a huge open grate, taking as much coal that it could only be used occasionally. We thought, and hundreds of others, that we were worthy of a fire, but on that first morning we sat through the paper with no fire and a draught assiduously fanning our backs to keep us awake. That, and the paper itself was enough to upset us for the rest of the visit.

That night it thawed, and I found that while our food was just passable, Gray was getting extremely well fed, so much so, in fact, that after the first evening, I retired each night to his rooms, where we had a supplementary dinner. I am convinced that some townspeople live 'on fresh air,' and not very good air at that! I suppose, however, that I have no right to grumble at the only college that made its diet conform strictly to the rations.

The thaw continued until the last day, when the streets dried up. During the whole of that time I could not go out without getting damp feet, which naturally damped my feelings as well. On that last day we walked round and round in an East wind until we could not tell one College from another. And then, we mournfully regarded the station end of Oxford through steaming carriage windows—or at least they should have been, had not the coach been standing for several hours. The lost city was lost—but it was not as bad for me as Gray. I had seen Oxford in beautiful weather at its best. He went away with rather a depressing impression of the city, whose colleges, though they may be difficult to escape from, are so much more difficult to enter.

D. H. EADIE (VI.).

### NOTES AND NEWS.

The Spring Term opened on Tuesday, January 7th and closes on Wednesday, March 26th.

This term the following new girl Prefects have been appointed:—M. Collins, S. Goulbourne, M. Norris, J. Preston, S. Shore, V. Smith.

On Thursday, December 12th, a pianoforte recital was given by Mr. A. Green. It was attended by members of the Sixth and Upper Fifth and pupils of Miss Griffiths.

On Wednesday, December 11th, Holifield and Anne Hemming comprised the Midland Region Quiz Team in the B.B.C. Regional Round.

Towards the end of the Winter Term, workmen took control of the playgrounds to carry out some asphaltting.

At the closing Assembly last term, football colours were presented to Hill, Mole, Nunn and Woodfield.

Thanks to S. K. Walker for the gift of books to the School Libraries.

Miss G. M. Lerman has joined the Staff this term.

Miss Chandler and Mr. Jackson are leaving us at the end of term to take up new appointments.

Congratulations to Wood i, who has been awarded a certificate of merit for his work in the Army Cadets.

On Monday, February 10th, a lecture on the Royal Navy was given by Lieutenant Scobie, R.N., who illustrated life aboard ship by means of a film. Members of the Upper School attended the lecture.

We are compiling for publication in next term's RECORD a list of winners of the Tennis Gold Medal Tournament since its inception in 1919. We cannot find any record of the winner for 1937, and are of the opinion that the bad weather of that summer prevented the tournament from being played to a finish. Can any reader give us information about this matter?

**The School Fiction Library** is badly in need of books. During the past six or seven years the number of pupils has increased out of all proportion to the number of volumes added to the library. Many books have fallen to pieces and have had to be discarded, while many more are in such poor condition that it is becoming impossible to repair them. The cost of fresh books—whether new or second-hand—is at present so high that the small allowance made for supplying our libraries is exhausted in purchasing a dozen or so volumes. It is felt that there must be many past or present scholars who have on their shelves books for which they have no further use and which would be most welcome additions to the school library. We appeal to all our readers to see whether they have any suitable books which they can spare. If each subscriber to the RECORD could find us only one book, the fiction library would be almost doubled. Any such gifts of books would be welcomed by Mr. Druller.

The cold spell, which has already lasted for more than a month, is the longest in the history of A.G.S. Never before have we had snow lying on fields and playgrounds for so long a time ; so long, indeed, that it has ceased to be something uncommon and become almost commonplace. But to the exceedingly low temperatures which we have experienced indoors as the result of the limitation of fuel supplies we can never become reconciled, and we are finding frosty rooms as unpleasant now as they were a month ago. Soon after the wintry weather began, we—or, to be more accurate, about one-third of us—arrived at school to find that the coke had only just arrived for lighting the fires under the boilers. As many of us as possible packed ourselves into the two huts, where we crowded round the stoves, while the remainder tried to keep warm by doing physical exercises, until the heating apparatus made classrooms habitable again. On not a few other days since then we have had to start the day in arctic temperatures ; but on Monday, February 3rd there was no immediate prospect of any fuel being delivered, and school was closed for that day, which developed into one of the most unpleasant of the wintry period.

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Owing to difficulties of transport and to the various illnesses occasioned by the cold weather, attendances have been unusually low, even for these months. For several weeks few forms succeeded in mustering more than half their members.

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Half-term was Friday and Monday, February 14th and 17th.

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We acknowledge with gratitude the gift of books to the fiction library by Steveni i, Steveni ii and B. Fletcher.

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The following are the Girls' Sides Captains this term :—  
*Brownies* : V. Smith (Games), S. Goulbourne (Arts and Crafts);  
*Jackals* : M. Irving (Games), M. Canning (Arts and Crafts);  
*Tomtits* : D. Bailey (Games), S. Woolley (Arts and Crafts).

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The very severe frost on the night of Sunday, February 23rd caused considerable damage to the radiators in the new block. School was closed on Tuesday, the 25th, and only forms down to the Upper Fourths were required to attend on the Wednesday. The Lower Fourths returned on the Thursday.

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## AN ENCOURAGING THOUGHT.

(with apologies to Owen Francis Dudley).

Darkness is softening to the day,  
 Where cut and jagged from the fray,  
 A village is seen from near a cross-road,  
 Lashed with a whip of the Devil's great war-goad,  
 Stark and breaking the horizon's light  
 Yet, dead and still, from war's great might.  
 There before us a trench disused and old,  
 Where lie four bodies, gassed—stiff, cold ;  
 A protruding boot and broken tank,  
 Stare from a shell-hole's misty dank ;  
 But there untouched by all the strife,  
 Not yet cut by war's quick knife,  
 A wayside Cross points to the sky,  
 Stiff, and the hush of dawn is nigh.  
 With stirring whiteness of blazing wings,  
 An angel beholds these shattered things.  
 While in black array against the dawn,  
 Lucifer watches the shining form.  
 " God's in His heaven, all's well with the world,"  
 Said he, with bayonet and grenade unhurled.  
 " How these Christians love one another,  
 For every man is to each a brother."  
 He notices there beneath the Cross,  
 Two corpses lying on the moss  
 And still clasped in the hand of the first,  
 A flask, to quench the other's thirst.  
 In many tongues he prays in mockery,  
 In German, in English . . . " Oh God, give us victory,"  
 But still the Angel's blazing form  
 Does not shrink from Satan's scorn.  
 The shriek of a shell, desolation stars,  
 And past the Cross a splinter whirs,  
 To sink in a face with a sullen thud,  
 Where Lucifer sits in a darkened hood.  
 " Turn the other cheek, you Christian—so ! "  
 And he spurns the stricken face with his toe.  
 " Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.  
 They laugh at that ; it will not come.  
 You are silent like God ; perhaps it is well  
 They are saying He's failed, they'll soon be in Hell."  
 A second shell bursts quite near to the scene,  
 The angels' wings shield the Cross, like a screen.  
 " So that's why you're here ! Is it worth while.  
 They will not cringe, on the day of the trial ;  
 They will not whine, when this is o'er,  
 Beneath the Cross, as they did before ;  
 Suppose they revolt, where before they waited ?  
 Supposing men win, where God has failed ? "  
 The angel folds his wings like a bolt,  
 " Did Lucifer win—in the Day of Revolt ? "

W. P. MCCARTHY (VI).

**“ POOR PAPA.”**

*Spring, 1906.*

It was a warm Spring afternoon, the birds were singing and the very genteel family living in number two-hundred and nine, Hazelmere Road, in a small business-like town in the South of England, were taking their afternoon tea in the drawing room. At the head of the table sat Papa Gardner, on his right sat Mamma Gardner, and opposite her, nineteen year old Daughter Henrietta Charlotte. The topic under discussion was the Brown's new motor car. 'Why couldn't we have one?' 'We must keep in the fashion, dear' 'Please, Papa, then I could learn to drive.' Poor Papa, he was so harassed.

*Summer, 1906.*

The day is much warmer than in the last scene, Papa has been persuaded to such an extent that he has finally relented and only yesterday the wonderful box on wheels arrived. To-day, Mamma and Henrietta Charlotte are joining Papa to take a picnic on the downs. The car is outside and out they troop. Mamma and daughter wear large umbrella-shaped hats on their heads swathed round with yards of netting to keep out dust, flies and other irritating objects. Papa blows the horn, the curtains in the adjacent house flicker and a pair of spectacles are seen between the cracks. Mamma and her daughter wave their handkerchiefs, press their hats more firmly on their heads and settle back. Papa adjusts his goggles, draws the fur collar of his coat round his neck, starts the car. They begin to crawl down the road, the car jerks but carries on, and they are off.

After several stops they reach the downs and have a very enjoyable picnic: About six o'clock after Mamma and Henrietta Charlotte have packed the tea things back in the basket, Papa tries to start the car up, but, try as he will, it will not go. He puffs and blows and shouts to his wife and daughter to jump out and push. It is beginning to get dark now and Mamma's and Henrietta Charlotte's beautiful white dresses are looking very dirty. Papa has stripped off his fur-lined driving coat and is also very busy pushing. What can they do? Won't everyone laugh! What will the neighbours think? After being pushed for about two miles the car eventually starts and with only six more stops they arrive home.

A few weeks later Charlotte can be seen asking her Papa if she may learn to drive. Papa, feeling that his dignity will be lost if he gives in a second time, says he will definitely put his foot down at such a suggestion. But even after this firm refusal from Papa, a week later Papa and his daughter are seen

making their way to the garage. Mamma and her friend are sitting on the lawn at the back of the garage discussing the latest topic over a cup of tea. Papa and Henrietta Charlotte get into the car and Papa starts it up, looking backward to get out of the Garage. By a most unfortunate chance his foot slipped from the clutch and with a loud splintering noise the car shot through the front of the Garage and stopped short about three yards from the tea-party. Mamma and her friend let out ear piercing shrieks, and Henrietta Charlotte's hat is found clinging round the tea pot. Papa has the Garage window frame round his neck, and there are several boards stuck on the front of the car.

Ten minutes later order has been regained, Mamma has recovered from her fit of the vapours and the only damage done is to Papa's dignity, which is sadly injured. Papa has retired indoors, refusing to speak to anyone, Mamma and Henrietta Charlotte rather enjoying a laugh, now that it is over.

The next day there is a small paragraph to be seen in the local paper :—

" 10 h.p. Car for Sale, excellent condition.—Apply : Gardner, Hazelmere Road."

MARY ROWLAND (Upp. Va.).

#### THE SKELETON.

There in the corner stood a Skeleton,  
Down by its feet there was a wellington,  
This structure we will now decline,  
Thirty-three bones make one spine.

Twelve pairs of ribs protect the lungs,  
They look something like the ladder rungs.  
Then four bones make one leg,  
The bottom part looks like a peg.

The skull is composed of many bones,  
All interlocking like fir cones.  
The bones of the hand have a terrible name,  
And so in this poem can't come to fame !

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| BARBARA HEWLETT, | } (Upp.<br>IVb). |
| FRANCES HIGHMAN. |                  |

I tried to explain, but he would not listen to my story. He fixed his eyes on my bicycle.

"Riding with no lights," he cried. "You know that is an offence under the Defence Regulations of 1939? Or is it?" he added.

"Oh, I have some lights," I said, bending over my machine and putting them on.

At that moment, the boys, who were hiding behind the hedge, threw a snowball at the policeman. As he wiped the snow off the back of his neck he was more angry than ever.

"No lights! Snowballing the law *twice*!" he bellowed. "I'll have to take you to the station for that. And so that you won't give me any more of your monkey tricks, I handcuff you."

His large hand dived into his pocket. Soon it emerged again, without his handcuffs. He looked through all his pockets in turn, but could not find them.

"Oh well! You will have to come as you are," he announced.

A roar of laughter came from behind the hedge. P.C. 123 then saw that I had spoken the truth.

"Look here," he said, trying to look dignified. "I'll let you off this time, but see that it doesn't occur again."

He turned and walked off amid a volley of snowballs. I did not wait to see any more. Picking up my bicycle, I made my retreat before anyone snowballed me!

J. PRESTIDGE (VI).

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### 2047 A.D.

A little group made its way out of the forest. The sun was setting, and their shadows were thrown grotesquely behind them. They were not humans, though their first appearance may have given that impression. They were apes. The leader was a gigantic bull ape. His age must have been over thirty years. Then there were a few females nursing their young offspring, and some independent youngsters. As they were passing a bush, the leader stiffened. The hair at the back of his neck began to rise. And he showed his fangs. The females huddled together in fearful anticipation, but some of the young bulls, to show their independence, began to stalk round close to the dump of waving grass.

Suddenly, with a great roar, a lion rushed out. It sprang at one of the youngsters and brought it down. The other apes turned towards the jungle and quickly took to the trees. When they had travelled deep into the jungle they stopped to rest.

"Stupid young good-for-nothing," grunted the old bull ape. "After all I have told him, he disregards it at the crucial moment. He's no better than a human."

Instantly a young ape looked up.

"What is a human?" he queried.

"You mean what was a human," returned his elder. "I've never seen one, but my mother's great-grand-parents have. Let me see, that would be nearly a hundred years ago. Still, you have not missed much in not seeing them."

"But you still have not told me," persisted the young ape. "Were they like us?"

"They resembled us faintly, I think," said the old ape. "My mother often told me about them. They were useless creatures though. The largest of the species were not nearly as tall as I am," he continued, puffing out his chest. "Most of them had white or light brown skin. They had no hair covering their bodies. Consequently they were cold, and had to cover themselves with skins. They got these skins from other animals, such as the lion."

"They were very weak. To get food they used a stick that spouted flames and killed instantly. They lived in queer dwellings, something like an artificial cave. Why, I could crush them in a few seconds with my arms!" He stopped, and gazed into the sky meditatively.

"And where are they now?" continued the young ape.

"Oh, there was some mention of an atomic bomb. I don't know what it was, so you need not ask me, but it killed about half the human population. Then some went to the moon." He pointed to the moon which was rising behind the trees. "This world got too small for them. The rest died out. A good job too; it was a very bad strain. They are actually said to have descended from us!"

The old bull rose, waxing quite angry. Then he remembered.

"Gracious, my mate is expecting me back before sunset. What a woman!"

The group swung through the trees, and were soon lost in the shadows.

SONIA SHORE (Upp. Va.).

#### MY AIM.

To act as nobly as I can,  
To be at peace with every man.  
To help the feeble, lame and blind,  
And be to all God's creatures kind.  
To play the game with earnestness,  
And all the strength that I possess.  
To lose a match quite cheerfully,  
And win a silent victory.  
To face all trials that come to me,  
With confidence and surety.  
To tread the narrow path of right,  
And work for God with all my might.

RACHEL KINNERSLEY (Low. Va.).

OLLA PODRIDA.

An efflorescent substance, writes E.H. changes into a powder which grumbles when it is picked up in the hand.

A crystal, J.S. informs us, is bounded by plain forces.

M.H. states that a gas-jar of hydrogen was introduced to a lighted splint.

The case of the relative pronoun, declared G.B. is functioned by its own determination.

Both gases passed their tests, states B.C.

Never grow the crystal quickly, W.H. warns us, else the crystal will have small ones.

A Lower Fourth scientist says that the miner's lamp has "a piece of woven gorse" fixed in it.

*Canes acres lupas in silvis oppugnaverunt*, we are told by a member of Lower Four, means "In Canaan they fight big silver she-wolves."

Will E.T.P. give us some further information about a 'belle-jar.'

An obstacle, we are informed by J.W. is far behind a mirror as it is in front.

An interfacial angle, writes A.C. is where the crystal has always got all its angles of the sides equal no matter what the shape of the crystal is, even if a crystal was the wrong shape altogether.

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND.

I woke one morning to find the world outside covered by a snow-white mantle. The playing field, the trees, the garden and even the houses were quite changed. Everything seemed lovelier than ever. I was very thrilled, despite the cold. While sliding, I fell on the ice, but I laughed and had great fun.

Days and weeks have now gone by. The snow and ice remain, no longer white, but dirty and grey. Thousands of men and women cannot work because of the snow and ice.

Now I'm not so pleased. Instead, I long to see the sunshine, and I hope that Spring with its fresh colours and flowers will soon be here. No longer do I love the snow. In fact I've changed my mind.

HILARY YOUNG (IIIa.).

**CLEVER PUSS.**

Beside the fire, old pussy sits,  
 A ball of fur and eyes like slits,  
 She listens now  
 With twitching ears,  
 Hush ! it is a mouse, she fears.  
 In the darkness of the house,  
 A scuffling sound,  
 It is a mouse !  
 All alert and with a spring,  
 She paws and kills the poor small thing.

MARY WILLIAMS (Low. IVb).

**THE STORM.**

The sultry air gave warning of a storm,  
 As evening fell upon the lonely moor :  
 Dark clouds upon the distant hills did form ;  
 Wild winds were heard above the river's roar.  
 Then, as if the earth was rent asunder,  
 A vivid streak of lightning downwards flashed,  
 Followed by a heavy clap of thunder,  
 Which onward through the heavens rolled and crashed.  
 Torrential rain came down in ceaseless flood,  
 The river rose and plunged upon its way,  
 Wild ponies sought to shelter where they could,  
 And moorland cattle lowed a mournful lay.  
 Above the hills the clouds began to clear,  
 And silvery moonbeams filtered through the sky ;  
 A sign that midst this watery scene so drear,  
 The raging storm was slowly passing by.

CYTHIA BARTLETT (Upp. Va).

**FEMALE PIRATES.**

Pirates ! The very name always brings to mind visions of tropical islands and buried treasure. But somehow women have not been encouraged to take to piracy. The place of the women was in the ports and on the Islands of the Indies, which the pirates made their hunting ground. Many people do not even know that there were such people as women pirates, but there were. They were few and far between, but they were there.

Mary Read was born in the seventeenth century on board her father's ship, in mid-ocean. She was thus brought up to a life of hardships and perils, for the ships of those days were not exactly floating palaces, as are many of the ships of to-day. Her father had wanted a boy, and when Mary was born he treated her as if she was the boy he had longed for. She wore boy's clothes and worked on board ship. When her father died, her mother bought and kept a tavern on the sea front of a South coast port.

Mary soon became tired of the restrictions of women's clothing, and began to long for the freedom of breeches. She ran away from home and joined the Cromwellian forces in the civil war, which was going on at that time, as a man and fought in several battles ; she was actually promoted to

corporal. When the war was over and she was discharged from the army, she disclosed her real identity to a Dutch soldier and married him. She soon tired however of the inactivity of the life of a Dutch innkeeper's wife and ran away to sea. She very soon became associated with the pirates and met another woman pirate named Anne Bonne, who fell in love with this handsome young man, as she thought. In fact Mary was quite embarrassed by Anne's attentions, and had to disclose her sex to Anne. The two became firm friends and worked together on many occasions. Mary was captured and taken to prison to await her trial and with the help of her friends she plotted for their escape. On the very night of the planned escape she herself went down with gaol fever. She was dying and she knew it, but she very bravely told the others to go through with the escape and leave her to die. So it was that she died alone in her cell on that chill morning of the day that was to have been her execution day.

Of the later life of Anne Bonne very little is known and history gives no idea of how she died. I personally like to think she died as it was imagined in the film "Spanish Main," fighting at the back of the man she loved, but whom she was willing to let go because she knew he loved someone else.

This in brief is an outline of the lives of these two women who fought and died as the pirates they were. That they were brave there is no doubt, and I admire them because they were the first women to take their places besides men in what was essentially a man's profession.

DIANA THOMPSON (Upp. Va.).

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### THE BRAVE DOG.

One day Tom decided to take his dog for a walk in the woods. As they were walking under the shady trees the dog suddenly cocked up his ears and ran off. Tom called him back but in vain. The dog had heard a call for help, too small for human ears. The direction the dog had gone was towards a deep reservoir, so Tom ran in that direction.

Tom arrived at the reservoir just in time to see his doggy pal pulling and dragging a small girl out of the water. She was still alive; so Tom took her to the hospital, where she soon recovered.

The dog was awarded a medal for bravery by the girl's grateful parents.

SHIRLEY TWEED (IIIb.).



**DISTANT MEMORIES.**

Come back my friends of long ago,  
'Tis long since we walked, to and fro,  
Across the field and over the court,  
Think of the matches that we have fought.  
Many a joyful hour we have spent,  
Always we were upon pleasure bent,  
Perhaps a vision you can see,  
Of faces flushed and hot with glee,  
The work is done, the match is won,  
But now all this has softly gone,  
The singing in the morning prayers,  
The tramp of feet upon the stairs,  
Those joyful, wondrous hours we spent,  
Are gone and we must be content.

ANN WILSON (Low. IVb).

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**THE SEASONS.**

Spring is a season, bright and new,  
Brings flowers of white and pink and blue.  
There are buds on the trees and the sun shines down,  
On village, country, field and town.

Summer's a season we all enjoy,  
Full of brightness, fun and joy.  
We can go for picnics and boat-rides too,  
The sun is warm and the sky is blue.

Autumn's a season that's cool and fresh,  
Leaves all fall from tree and hedge.  
The trees look dead and the wind is strong,  
Then we know that Winter is coming along.

Winter's a season so dark and drear,  
The frost is keen and the sky's not clear,  
Snow falls smoothly round about,  
All is quiet and still without.

EILEEN LAWRENCE (Upp. IVb).

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**SNOW QUEEN.**

The Snow Queen has come in her robes of pure white. Her eyes look like bright Ice in the moonlight. She is very tall, and has long white hair down her back. Her Crown is made of sparkling Icicles.

Jack Frost is chief Elf of the fairy train. He is very mischievous, freezing the pipes, making roads slippery for traffic, but he is a wonderful artist, tracing beautiful patterns on windows, and frosting the edges of leaves and branches.

Soon the Sun King comes out and spoils all the beautiful patterns which Jack Frost had made. Patterns on the windows, leaves and branches begin to melt. The Snow Queen runs away in fright, her beautiful white gown in rags and tatters, and she may not be seen again till next Christmas. Perhaps she has gone to be fitted for a new robe.

JANET SKINNER (Remove).

## A MUSIC RECITAL.

One afternoon at the end of last term, the Upper School gathered in the Art Room to hear a pianoforte recital given by Mr. Alex Green, L.R.A.M., of Yorkshire. Mr. Green beautifully played a wide selection of pieces, including some of his own compositions, and, as there was a little time left at the end of the programme, Mr. Green played some pieces by request.

Interest was added to the recital by Mr. Green's introductory comments on each of the pieces which he played. Everyone went away feeling that they had spent a very enjoyable afternoon and hoping that Mr. Green would be able to come again.

Z. M.

---

### SNOWFLAKES.

Swirling,  
Churning,  
Swiftly turning,  
Are the snowflakes white.

Winging,  
Clinging,  
Quiet bringing,  
In the middle of the night.

Singing,  
Ringing,  
Fingers tingling,  
Children running fast.

Hieing,  
Sighing,  
Loudly crying,  
Snow has come at last.

ANNE HEMMING (Low. Va).

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### FOOTBALL.

*Captain* - McCarthy i.

As readers may well imagine the snow and frost have seriously affected football this term, four matches having had to be cancelled.

In our match against a strong Redditch eleven, school defence and forwards both showed considerable improvement on last term's performance. Once again the school played well up to the middle of the second half, when, after a rally had brought the scores to 4-3, the greater experience and stamina of Redditch enabled them to add an extra three goals.

However, there are many promising young players in the team and reserves, who will lead the school to victory in future years.

The school, this season, has been represented by the following :—

Nunn, Smith ii, Holifield, Brookes, Budden, Woodfield, Hill i, Hadwen i. Adkins i, Eadie i, Moizer, Harris, Mole, Blundell ii, Welch, Savage i, Baylis and McCarthy i.

*Goal Scorers* (to date).

Moizer 1, Woodfield 1, Welch 2, Savage 3, Harris 5, McCarthy i.—20.

*Result :*

A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 3—7.

In sides matches played last term, the scores were as follows :—

Brownies 3, Tomtits 0 ; Tomtits 4, Jackals 3 ; Jackals 2, Brownies 1.

W.P.M.

## HOCKEY.

*Captain* — M. Irving

*Secretary* — M. Rowland

There is very little to report about the Hockey this term. The first match was played against Ragley Ladies and great improvement was shown, but much practice is still needed.

The very severe weather made it necessary to cancel the first and second eleven matches against Worcester and Evesham, which caused great disappointment. There are two remaining matches, however, one against Chipping Campden, and the return match against Ragley Ladies.

*Result* :—A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Ragley Ladies (away), won 3—2.

J.M.I.

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